

serving his community through the Elk Rapids School Board, Sacred Heart Church, Rotary Club, Northwestern Michigan College, and as the founder and long-time chairman of the Meadow Brook Foundation in Antrim County. He has also participated in multiple Agricultural People-to-People missions in Russia, Belarus, and Ukraine, and has performed comedic monologues for the Elk Rapids Rotary Show for the past 35 years. Additionally, Norm has dedicated himself to public health through fundraising for the Rotary Foundation and the World Health Organization's Global Polio Eradication Initiative. He has also participated in multiple missions for India's polio National Immunization Day, and has published five books recounting his experiences.

Agriculture is the second-largest sector of Michigan's economy, and the cherry industry serves a vital role for the people and communities of Northern Michigan. With today's ever-evolving world, the work of industry and community leaders like Norm has been critical in shaping Michigan's agricultural industry to the success story it is today. His impact on the people of Michigan cannot be overstated.

Madam Speaker, it's my honor to congratulate Norman Veliquette for his decades of service and his induction into the Michigan Farmers Hall of Fame. Michiganders can take great pride in knowing the First District is home to such a dedicated leader. On behalf of my constituents, I wish Norm all the best in his future endeavors.

**HONORING LILI MARSH AS THE
BAKERSFIELD POLICE ACTIVITIES
LEAGUE HOMETOWN HERO**

HON. KEVIN MCCARTHY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 12, 2019

Mr. MCCARTHY. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor Lili Marsh, a constituent and community leader from Bakersfield, California. Today, Lili is being recognized as the 2019 Bakersfield Police Activities League Hometown Hero for exemplary service and leadership to the people of Kern County, which I represent.

Lili earned her Bachelor of Arts from Wooster College and has been a longtime leader in the Bakersfield community. While she has committed herself to an impressive number of civic organizations, her most passionate work has been in service to Kern County's veterans. As Executive Director of Honor Flight Kern County, a chapter of the national organization she helped start, Lili organizes travel and accommodations in Washington for Kern County's heroes so that they can see the monuments built in their honor. Many times, Honor Flight marks the first visit to our nation's capital for these veterans, and Lili has been instrumental in giving these men and women the hero's welcome they deserve upon reaching their nation's capital.

However, Lili's involvement with our veterans does not end with Honor Flight. Her most recent community improvement project has been the Portrait of a Warrior Gallery. This moving gallery is filled with portraits of today's generation of men and women in the Armed Forces who have lost their lives following the 9/11 attacks. The Portrait of a War-

rior Gallery is a project born of passion, love, and admiration of those who defend America and her ideals. Having worked with Lili on Honor Flight and numerous other veterans issues, she has the uncanny ability to identify the needs of our veteran community and the determination to see those needs met.

Along with being a businesswoman and an entrepreneur, Lili is many things to our community. But her passion and determination have enriched the lives of Kern County's veterans and helped ensure our community continues to recognize these heroes among us.

I rise today to recognize Lili Marsh as a Hometown Hero award recipient who continues to positively influence our county through her character and leadership. A true signature of leadership is the generosity of time and talents that one gives on behalf to their neighbors and community. Lili exemplifies this time-honored tradition, and I would like to thank her and her husband, Troy, for their life-changing work. On behalf of a grateful community and the 23rd Congressional district, I recognize Lili Marsh's achievements and look forward to her many future successes.

**400TH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST
ENSLAVED AFRICANS BROUGHT
TO AMERICA**

SPEECH OF

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 9, 2019

Ms. LEE of California. Madam Speaker, I include in the RECORD the following article from "The 1619 Project" published in The New York Times Magazine.

[From The New York Times Magazine, Aug. 14, 2019]

THE 1619 PROJECT

(By Nikole Hannah-Jones)

My dad always flew an American flag in our front yard. The blue paint on our two-story house was perennially chipping; the fence, or the rail by the stairs, or the front door, existed in a perpetual state of disrepair, but that flag always flew pristine. Our corner lot, which had been redlined by the federal government, was along the river that divided the black side from the white side of our Iowa town. At the edge of our lawn, high on an aluminum pole, soared the flag, which my dad would replace as soon as it showed the slightest tatter.

My dad was born into a family of sharecroppers on a white plantation in Greenwood, Miss., where black people bent over cotton from can't-see-in-the-morning to can't-see-at-night, just as their enslaved ancestors had done not long before. The Mississippi of my dad's youth was an apartheid state that subjugated its near-majority black population through breathtaking acts of violence. White residents in Mississippi lynched more black people than those in any other state in the country, and the white people in my dad's home county lynched more black residents than those in any other county in Mississippi, often for such "crimes" as entering a room occupied by white women, bumping into a white girl or trying to start a sharecroppers union. My dad's mother, like all the black people in Greenwood, could not vote, use the public library or find work other than toiling in the cotton fields or toiling in white people's

houses. So in the 1940s, she packed up her few belongings and her three small children and joined the flood of black Southerners fleeing North. She got off the Illinois Central Railroad in Waterloo, Iowa, only to have her hopes of the mythical Promised Land shattered when she learned that Jim Crow did not end at the Mason-Dixon line.

Grandmama, as we called her, found a house in a segregated black neighborhood on the city's east side and then found the work that was considered black women's work no matter where black women lived—cleaning white people's houses. Dad, too, struggled to find promise in this land. In 1962, at age 17, he signed up for the Army. Like many young men, he joined in hopes of escaping poverty. But he went into the military for another reason as well, a reason common to black men: Dad hoped that if he served his country, his country might finally treat him as an American.

The 1619 Project is a major initiative from The New York Times observing the 400th anniversary of the beginning of American slavery. It aims to reframe the country's history, understanding 1619 as our true founding, and placing the consequences of slavery and the contributions of black Americans at the very center of the story we tell ourselves about who we are. Read all the stories.

The Army did not end up being his way out. He was passed over for opportunities, his ambition stunted. He would be discharged under murky circumstances and then labor in a series of service jobs for the rest of his life. Like all the black men and women in my family, he believed in hard work, but like all the black men and women in my family, no matter how hard he worked, he never got ahead.

So when I was young, that flag outside our home never made sense to me. How could this black man, having seen firsthand the way his country abused black Americans, how it refused to treat us as full citizens, proudly fly its banner? I didn't understand his patriotism. It deeply embarrassed me.

I had been taught, in school, through cultural osmosis, that the flag wasn't really ours, that our history as a people began with enslavement and that we had contributed little to this great nation. It seemed that the closest thing black Americans could have to cultural pride was to be found in our vague connection to Africa, a place we had never been. That my dad felt so much honor in being an American felt like a marker of his degradation, his acceptance of our subordination.

Like most young people, I thought I understood so much, when in fact I understood so little. My father knew exactly what he was doing when he raised that flag. He knew that our people's contributions to building the richest and most powerful nation in the world were indelible, that the United States simply would not exist without us.

In August 1619, just 12 years after the English settled Jamestown, Va., one year before the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock and some 157 years before the English colonists even decided they wanted to form their own country, the Jamestown colonists bought 20 to 30 enslaved Africans from English pirates. The pirates had stolen them from a Portuguese slave ship that had forcibly taken them from what is now the country of Angola. Those men and women who came ashore on that August day were the beginning of American slavery. They were among the 12.5 million Africans who would be kidnapped from their homes and brought in chains across the Atlantic Ocean in the largest forced migration in human history until the Second World War. Almost two million did not survive the grueling journey, known as the Middle Passage.